

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*, to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight shillings and six pence*, and, *Ton are welcome*: with this shrill addition, *Anon*, *Anon* sir, *Score a Pint of Bassard in the Halfe Moone*, or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prythee doe thou stand in some by-roume, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leane calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: step aside, and he shew thee a President.

*Poin.* *Francis.*

*Prin.* Thou art perfect.

*Poin.* *Francis.*

*Enter Drawer.*

*Fran.* *Anon*, *anon* sir; looke downe into the Pomgar-net, *Ralfe*.

*Prin.* Come hither *Francis*.

*Fran.* My Lord.

*Prin.* How long hast thou to serue, *Francis*?

*Fran.* Forsooth fife yeares, and as much as to

*Poin.* *Francis.*

*Fran.* *Anon*, *anon* sir.

*Prin.* Fife yeares: Berlady a long Lease for the clin-king of Pewter. But *Francis*, darrest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & shew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

*Fran.* O Lord sir, he be sworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

*Poin.* *Francis.*

*Fran.* *Anon*, *anon* sir.

*Prin.* How old art thou, *Francis*?

*Fran.* Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shalbe

*Poin.* *Francis.*

*Fran.* *Anon* sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

*Prin.* Nay but hark you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a peny worth, was't not?

*Fran.* O Lord sir, I would it had bene two.

*Prin.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poin.* *Francis.*

*Fran.* *Anon*, *anon*.

*Prin.* *Anon* *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on thursday: or indeed *Francis* when thou wilt. But *Francis*.

*Fran.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Jerkin, Christall button, Not-pared, Agat ring, Puke Stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch,

*Fran.* O Lord sir, who do you meane?

*Prin.* Why then your browne Bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your white Canuas double will tulle. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What sir?

*Poin.* *Francis.*

*Prin.* Away you Rogue, dost thou heare them call?

Here they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vin.* What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a cal-

ling? Look to the Guests within: My Lord, olde Sir *John* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: Shall I let them in?

*Prin.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore.

*Poin.*

*Enter Poin.*

*Poin.* *Anon*, *anon* sir.

*Prin.* Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Theenes, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

*Poin.* As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But hark you. What cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? Come, what's the issue?

*Prin.* I am now of all humors, that haue shewed them. selues humors, since the old dayes of Goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this present twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke *Francis*?

*Fran.* *Anon*, *anon* sir.

*Prin.* That euer this Fellow should haue fewer words then a Parrot, and yet the sonne of a Woman. His industry is vp-staires and down-staires, his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hot-spurre of the North, he that kills me some fixe or seauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfast, washes his hands, and futes to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry* sayes she, how many hast thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (sayes hee) and answers, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, he play *Percy*, and that damo'sell *Browne* shall play *Dame Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, sayes the drunkard. Call in *Ribs*, call in *Tallow*.

*Enter Falstaffe.*

*Poin.* Welcome *Iacke*, where hast thou bene?

*Fal.* A plague of all Cowards I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, he sowe neither Rockes, and mowd them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

*Prin.* Didst thou neuer see *Titan* kiss a dish of Butter, pittifull hearted *Titan* that melted at the sweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worse then a Cup of Sacke with Lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old *Iacke*, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a shorten Herring: there lues not three good men ynhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world, say. I would I were a Weaver, I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

*Prin.* How now *Woolfacke*, what murther you?

*Fal.* A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subjects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geese, he neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

*Prin.* Why you hotson round man? what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and *Poin*er there?

*Prin.* Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, hee flab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee Coward? Hee see thee damo'sell ere I call the Coward: But I would giue a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: Call you

that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

*Prin.* O Villaine, thy Lippes are scarce wip'd, since thou drunk'st last.

*Falst.* All's one for that. *He drinks.*

*Falst.* A plague of all Cowards still, say I.

*Prin.* What's the matter?

*Falst.* What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thousand pound this Morning.

*Prin.* Where is it, *Iack*? where is it?

*Falst.* Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

*Prin.* What, a hundred, man?

*Falst.* I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, foure through the Hose, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-saw, ecce signum. I neuer dealt better since I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

*Prin.* Speake first, how was it?

*Falst.* We foure set vpon some dozen.

*Falst.* Sixteene, at least, my Lord.

*Poin.* And bound them.

*Falst.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Falst.* You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a lew else, an Ebrew lew.

*Gad.* As we were sharing, some fixe or seuen fresh men set vpon vs.

*Falst.* And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*Prin.* What, fought yee with them all?

*Falst.* All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde *Iack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

*Poin.* Pray Heauen, you haue not murdered some of them.

*Falst.* Nay, that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, spit in my face, call me Horse: thou knowest my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

*Prin.* What, foure? thou sayd'st but two, euen now.

*Falst.* Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

*Poin.* I, he said foure.

*Falst.* These foure came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their seuen points in my Targuer, thus.

*Prin.* Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

*Falst.* In Buckrom.

*Poin.* I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

*Falst.* Seuen, by these Hilts, or I am a Villaine else.

*Prin.* Prethee let him alone, we shall haue more anon.

*Falst.* Dost thou heare me, *Hal*?

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too, *Iack*.

*Falst.* Doe so, for it is worth the listning too: these nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more a-head.

*Falst.* Their Points being broken.

*Poin.* Downe fell his Hols.

*Falst.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me

close, came in f

the cleuen I pay

*Prin.* O mo

out of two?

*Falst.* But as

gotten Knaues,

let driue at me;

not see thy Han

*Prin.* These

groffe as a Mou

brayn'd Gues,

scene greatie T

*Falst.* What

truth, the truth

*Prin.* Why

Kendall Green

see thy Hand?

to this?

*Poin.* Come

*Falst.* What

Strappado, or

tell you on com

on? If Reason

giue no man a

*Prin.* He be

guine Coward,

this huge Hill

*Falst.* Away

Neats tongue,

to utter. What

you Bow-casse

*Prin.* Well

when thou hast

me speake but

*Poin.* Mar

*Prin.* We c

them, and were

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As *Falstaffe*, y

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hole canst thou

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*Poin.* Co

thou now?

*Fal.* I knew

ye my Masters

Should I turne

I am as *Yaliam*

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shall we be m

*Prin.* Con

away.

*Fal.* A, no

*Hof.* My